AN ACCOUNT

OF THE

GENERAL ASSEMBLY'S

Intention, for the final Extirpation of the BLACK-STOOL of REPENTANCE, and the SACKCLOTH GOWN, out of the Kirks of SCOTLAND: Proposing a new and easy Method, of punishing Sporting Ladies, whereby they are freed from the Payment of [redacted] old Fornicators.

To which is added,

Maggy Beath's Verdict of the Original, and the dangerous Tendency of the Black-stool and Sackcloth Gown; giving an Account how narrowly she escaped them, and her earnest desire to have them burnt.

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AN ACCOUNT OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY'S

Intention, for the final Extirpation of the Black-ſtool of Repentance and the Sackcloth Gown out of the Kirk of Scotland: &c.

NOW wanton maids rejoice and drink,
I've news to tell, ye wou'd na think,
Of what's long plagu'd the Scottiſh nation,
The Stool and Gown of Fornication,
A legacy by Popery left,
Enough to put poor girls daft,
When mounted on repenting Stool,
Their concupiſcence there to cool,
Gaz'd on by all the congregation,
And then the dreadful accuſation
Comes thundring from the great Meſs John,
Who cry's, "Thou wretch, why didſt thou yon?
"Defil'd by whoredom, out and in,
"As black's the devil, dipt in ſin,
"Which, I with grief unto you tell,
"Will ſink you to the loweſt Hell."
Till once the poor wretch falls a crying,
Then he comforts her, thus replying,
"Your ſin's yet pardonable through grace,
"If you guard well your merry place;

"I

" If ye keep back frae what ye ken,
" and dinna meddle with the men;
" And ſince ye've anſwer'd Stool and Seſſion,
" In conſequence of your tranſgreſſion,
" Frae ſcandal, free now as before,
" I you abſolve: go ſin no more."
The ſtool—abſolves from guilty flame,
The gown takes off both ſin and ſhame.
Oh! were their virtues ſomething more,
To purge a thief as well's a whore.
But I had 'moſt forgot the Seſſion,
Whoſe enquiries demand confeſſion;
How oft they did it? when? and where?
And if they were diſcover'd there?
A thouſand queſtions, ſuch they'll ſpeer,
Which would offend a modeſt ear;
And while they teaze you to confeſs,
They'll ſigh and cry, " Sic wickedneſs!
" Oh ſirs! Oh ſirs! ſic ſinfu' ſocks;
Yet after all, they'll break their jokes,
Then tell you, " Mammon's buttock meal,
" Good four pounds Scotch, ye manna fail,
" To pay the Bethral and the Clerk,
" Though ye ſhou'd ſell baith coat and ſark."
This muſt be had to cleanſe poor Meg,
Though ſhe and 'er baſtard ſhould go beg.
'Tis now propos'd, what e'er betide,
To lay the Gown and Stool aſide,
And take the law of Engliſh nation,
Which puts poor girls to no vexation;
But gars the daddy pay for a',
As he gaes upmoſt when they fa'.
The Clergy there take little care
Of Baſtards getting any where;
But conſtables and juſtices o' peace,
Hunt fornicators frae place to place,

And forthwith coup them into jail,
Unleſs they bring ſufficient bail
To wed the whores whom they've defil'd,
Or pay their tocher, and rere the child.
This is the law you'll underſtand,
Keeps down ſculdudry in England,
Frae place to place, there nane need run,
There's nought can ſave them but the gun;
The whores indeed, are fairly ducket,
In dirty water, half dead and drooket!
This helps to quell the mens deſire,
And quench the laſſes wanton fire;
Unleſs in thoſe who wont do well,
But will go headlong to the deil,
Who frae their luſt cannot be ſtopet,
Until a noſe they're out of pocket,
But ſnock about frae map to map,
Till they're conſum'd wi' rotten clap.
And this, you'll find, is oft the caſe,
With rogues and whores in ev'ry place.
This is a plague on whoredom ſent,
Which is no eaſy puniſhment;
Yet 'tis the fate of whores and lowns,
As well in countries as in towns:
By prieſt and ſurgeons, damn'd they'll be,
Until that both be paid their fee,
And though by them they ſhould be paſt,
They will be brought to grief at laſt.

A CAUTION to old Fornicators.

NOw you old Scotch fornicators,
Who've leach'd and leapt at ſtolen waters,
Frequenting bauds beſides your wives,
This law admits of nae ſic lives.

Though

Though the Black-ſtool and Sackcloth-gown,
Were burnt to aſhes in each kirk town;
As is deſign'd, and will ſoon ſtand,
Decreed by the Haly band.
And that within a year or two,
What's now propos'd, will happen true,
That both beſouth and north the Tweed,
We'll have one Law, as well's one Creed:
Then pennance ſtools and ſackcloth brats,
Will not abſolve frae whoriſh prats,
They'll teach you the Comedian way,
Who has no money, gets no play;
Therefore keep down your old pretender,
Or by the purſe they'll make you gender.
Synods and Aſſemblies ye've withſtood,
Yea, ſome have ſworn againſt their brood;
But as the Scotch laws are ſo lame,
We'll get the Engliſh clever ſcheme;
Which they do execute with ſpirit,
'Gainſt women there, you dare na' ſwear it.
Then keep at home, ſirs, or do worſe;
For on my word they'll drain your purſe:
And make you to bring up your getting,
Which is far war na Meſs John's fretting:
And ſitting on repenting ſtool,
So be adviſ'd, and tame your t—l.
Ye peeviſh Beaux who count it duty,
To ſnock for tocher and for beauty,
Frae laſs to laſs, at kirk and fair,
As ane were wailing at a mare;
And when ye get the maid's conſent,
And are inſeſt in ev'ry vent,
Then at her parents gang and ſpeer
How muckle tocher, or what gear
He's with his daughter gawn to give,
And ye will take her by the ſleeve;

Then if the carle anſwer crabbit,
You run and leave her double ribbet,
If this be juſtice, conſcience judge,
To leave poor Meg to grieve and grudge;
Yet 'tis the caſe with many now,
Which Engliſh laws do not allow;
But he who pierces firſt the pack,
Muſt always mount it on his back:
Or pay for his corrupting ſin,
And take the charge of a' within.
This method our lawgivers here,
Will have eſtabliſht the next year.

The Verdict of the old Goodwife of BEATH.

AS ſure's my name is Maggy Beath,
I'll mind this ſtory while I've breath,
When I was in my time of youth,
Right well I lik'd to pree mens mouth,
And being at a bridal dance,
I did the thing folk do in France,
I thought upon't a' the neiſt day,
And kend na' what to do, or ſay,
Then ev'ry morning fand my wame,
And thought it ſwell'd to great extreme,
Sometimes I thought I was wi' bairn,
Sometimes I thought 'twas wind and ſh—n.
Meat nor drink, I dought na pree,
And thought on nought but miſery;
The chield that did it, wae betide him,
Married a richer laſs beſide him,
Then oft I wiſhed to be dead,
And that ane would take off my head:
To drown myſell ae day I ſet,
When nae relief I thought to get,

For

For to the prieſt and plaguy ſeſſion,
I cou'd na think to ſay my leſſon,
Nor mount the black-ſtool of repentance,
Which, I kend well, wad be my ſentence,
Then, to get rid of faſh and ſhame,
I thought upon a nither ſcheme,
('Twas Satan put it in my mind)
The child to murder, I deſign'd;
For doing this, I did conſider,
The deil wad get me a' the gither;
I then laid hope and fear together,
And tell'd the ſecret to my mither,
Who fell upon me wi' a knock,
Till I thought a' my banes were broke:
On back and ſides I was well paid,
For being a whore before a bride;
Rais'd mony a blue lump on my ſkin,
Yet ſhe knock'd out what he pat in.
This jimm'ring coſt me near my dead,
But yet it ſav'd my Maiden-head,
At leaſt I for a maid was married,
For foul ane kend that I miſcarried.
For this offence, my mither did pray
And grieve; and to her dying day,
She always curs'd repenting ſtools,
As being only Satan's tools,
Of which he oft makes uſe to further,
Girls their baſtards for to murther.
Witneſs alſo poor Jenny Pit,
Who on the blackſtool loſt her wit,
Wi' ſacken gown, ſhe ſat aſt there,
And was expos'd like merchant ware:
And a' lown fallows that had ſiller,
Baith night and day, they ran ay till 'er
She ſwore ſince it her fortune brake,
She never would lie aff her back,

As of a whore she got the name;
Poor wretch, of it she thought nae shame,
For, while a tooth was in her head,
She swore she ne'er would quat the trade;
But keep the Black-stool ev'ry day,
As ne'er a doit she chose to pay
The sackcloth gown her mantle made,
As livery of the wanton trade.
Now I have read out thro' and thro',
Baith the auld Testament and New,
Repenting stools there I find none,
For setting fornicators on:
Then I conclude, that this great evil
Was hatch'd between the Pope and devil,
To twin poor lasses of their wits,
And gar them murder their own gets.
Though kings and priests in Israel,
In sackcloth mourned, one and all,
Likewise upon a dire occasion,
In Nineveh once, a proclamation,
Was issu'd by supreme decree,
That all in sackcloth clad should be;
But whores and fornicators dress,
The Scriptures do no where express;
So as I said, 'tis popish tricks,
Whereby they punish'd hereticks,
That none might turn protestant,
But live and die in popish cant.
Now Pop'ry's fled beyond the sea,
The Gown and stool's our Legacy,
Which, being only popish dregs,
Have lodg'd too long among the Whigs:
So many, I hope, will take affront,
To see the gown and blackstool burnt.
O may a number never stand,
To use their like, mare in our land. MAGGY BEATH.

FINIS.